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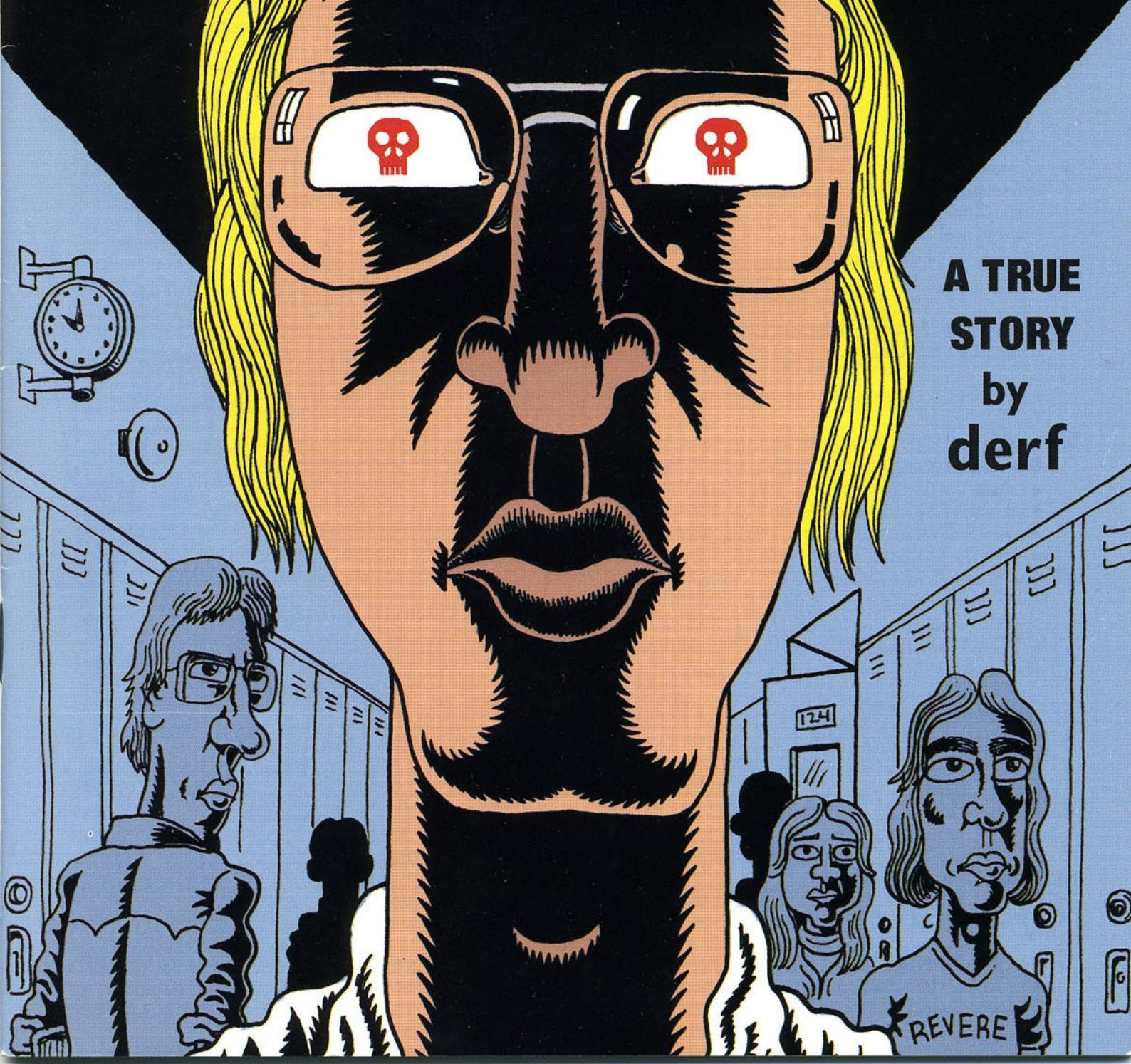
\$4.50 CAN.

MY FRIEND

DAN HAMMER

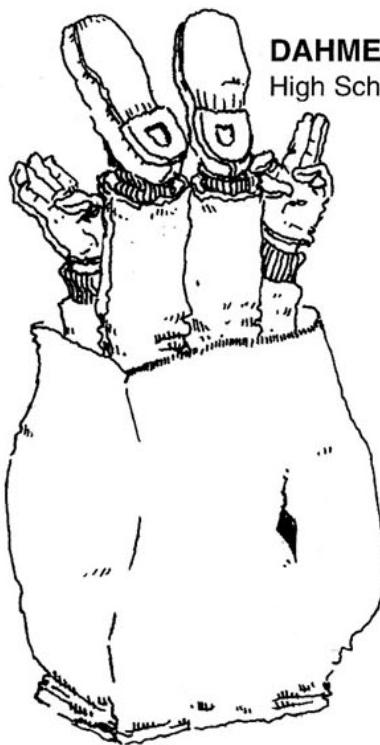


A TRUE
STORY
by
derf



MY FRIEND DAHMER

Written and drawn by derf



DAHMER AS A BAG OF GROCERIES

High School sketchbook drawing, 1977

In fact, I don't expect to make a dime off this book. I published this out of my own pocket, because, not unexpectedly, I couldn't find a publisher who was daring enough to put it out. I don't expect distributors or comic book stores will carry it. Just the title alone will provoke outrage and disgust. Most people won't even give this book a chance. But I still HAD to produce it. It was gnawing at me that it was unfinished.

It's a painful story for me to tell. Believe it or not, I consider Dahmer a tragic figure. But remember... my memories of him are of the tormented kid spiraling into madness, not of the monster who later committed those horrific crimes. I remember him as bullied and shunned, much as I was. A quiet young boy who devolved helplessly into a twisted soul.

And yet, this book is also oddly sentimental. I admit to enjoying re-creating the places and episodes of my youth. In concentrating on that aspect of it, I was able to draw it without much trauma. I suppose I long ago dealt with the freak-out aspect of knowing Dahmer anyways, of rubbing elbows with absolute evil. It was only really the first few weeks after the story first broke, a period I spent dodging calls from Oprah and Geraldo and *The National Enquirer*, that were truly unsettling. Since then, it's just been periodically surreal.

I'm proud of this book. There are lessons to be learned in Dahmer's story. It's my belief that he COULD have been saved.... that

his victims could have been spared their horrible fate. If only some adult in his life had interceded while there was still hope. Just one is all it would have taken. It's the same lesson that Columbine teaches. Vigilance. Perception.

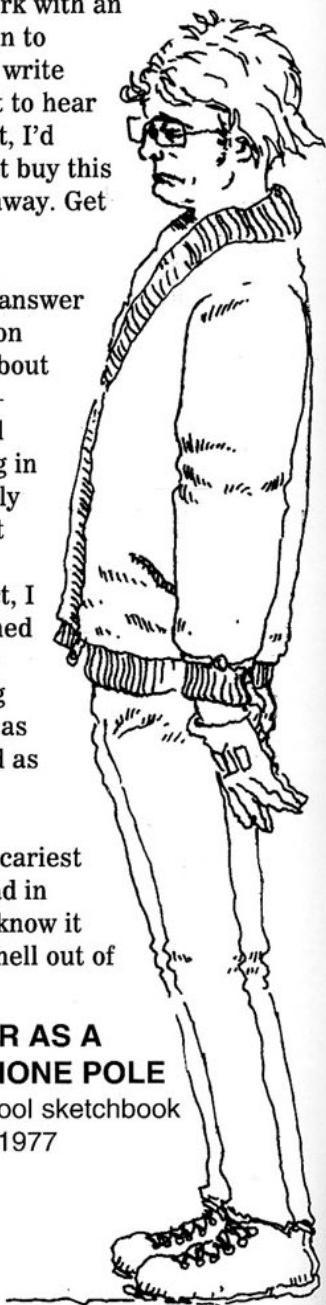
Set aside your pre-conceptions as you read this. I'll tell you right now... there's no violence. No gore. No deviant sex. No graphic depictions of unspeakable acts. Nothing. But this is a real horror story... and we all know how it turns out.

A word of warning... if you're a serial killer "fan," if you're some teenage goth dork with an unholy attraction to Dahmer... don't write me. I don't want to hear from you. In fact, I'd prefer you didn't buy this book at all. Go away. Get help.

And finally... to answer the most common question I get about the Dahmer stories...yes, it's all true. Everything in this book actually occurred. It's not embellished in ANY way. In fact, I purposefully toned down my highly stylized drawing style, making it as straight forward as the story itself.

I think it's the scariest thing you've read in quite awhile. I know it still scares the hell out of me.

**DAHMER AS A
TELEPHONE POLE**
High School sketchbook
drawing, 1977



**Write derf at derfcity@en.com
WWW.DERFCITY.COM**

Young Jeffrey Dahmer

by derf

"YOU WENT TO
DAHMER WITH
SERIAL KILLER?
WHAT WAS HE
LIKE?" WAS HE
MANY TIMES
HAVE I BEEN
ASKED THAT
QUESTION?

THMAAAA

WELL... THIS
IS WHAT HE
WAS LIKE...

NOTE: NOW OF COURSE ALL NAMES AND FACES HAVE BEEN CHANGED BEYOND ALL RECOGNITION... SAVE DAHMER, AND YOURS TRULY.

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I FIRST MET DAHMER IN SEVENTH GRADE, WHEN THE WRETCHED CONTENTS OF THE DISTRICT'S THREE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS WERE HURLED TOGETHER INTO THE HORMONAL HELL THAT IS JUNIOR HIGH.

IT'S THROUGH HERE, JEFF.

HE WAS A NOBODY... ONE OF THOSE PAINFULLY SHY KIDS WHO BECOME SOCIAL INVALIDS WHEN THE FIRST BLAST OF ADOLESCENCE HITS. I DON'T RECALL THAT HE SPOKE AT ALL AT EASTVIEW JUNIOR HIGH. BUT... WHEN HE GOT TO HIGH SCHOOL...

THERE REALLY
FISH IN HERE?

SUNFISH. TOO SMALL
TO EAT. I JUST TOSS
THEM BACK...



...HE CHANGED...

BAAAAA!!

IN TENTH GRADE HE BEGAN MIMICKING THE SLURRED SPEECH AND SPASTIC MOVEMENTS OF HIS MOTHER'S INTERIOR DECORATOR, WHO HAD CEREBRAL PALSY. IT SOUNDS SICK NOW, BUT WE FOUND THIS SCHTICK HILARIOUS.

JEFF? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

WEIRD.

MAN!

ME AND A FEW FRIENDS ENCOURAGED HIM TO ACT UP... AND HE ATE UP THE ATTENTION. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME HE WAS EVER NOTICED IN ANY WAY. WE EVEN FORMED A DAHMER FAN CLUB. I WAS (GULP!) THE PRESIDENT...

I'M AH DECOWATOR!!!

BAAAA!

* I'M A DECORATOR.

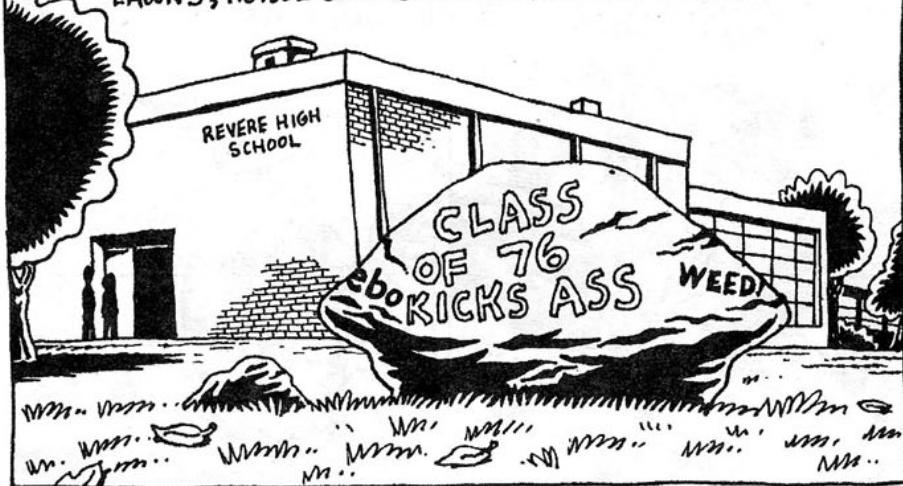
I SUPPOSE THIS BEHAVIOR COULD BE SHRUGGED OFF AS TYPICAL TEENAGE STUFF, BUT THERE WAS ALSO THE DRINKING. EVERY MORNING BEFORE CLASS, THIS 15-YEAR-OLD, SMALLTOWN KID WOULD POUND BACK AN ENTIRE SIX PACK IN THE PARKING LOT, VIRTUALLY GULPING DOWN THE CANS ONE AFTER ANOTHER. A LOT OF KIDS GOT HIGH, BUT THIS WAS DIFFERENT... DARKER. HE WAS GETTING...

...NUMB.

EXIT

RE

REVERE HIGH SCHOOL WAS COMPRISED OF KIDS FROM TWO SMALL OHIO TOWNS, RICHLAND AND BATH. RICHLAND WAS MAYBERRY... THE QUINTESSENTIAL SMALL TOWN... BUT BATH HAD EVOLVED, IN THE 20 YEARS SINCE THE FOUNDING OF THE JOINT SCHOOL, INTO A POSH, BEDROOM COMMUNITY OF DOCTORS, LAWYERS AND EXECUTIVES. BATH KIDS GREW UP IN A WORLD OF MANICURED LAWNS, HORSE SHOWS AND DEBUTANTE BALLS...



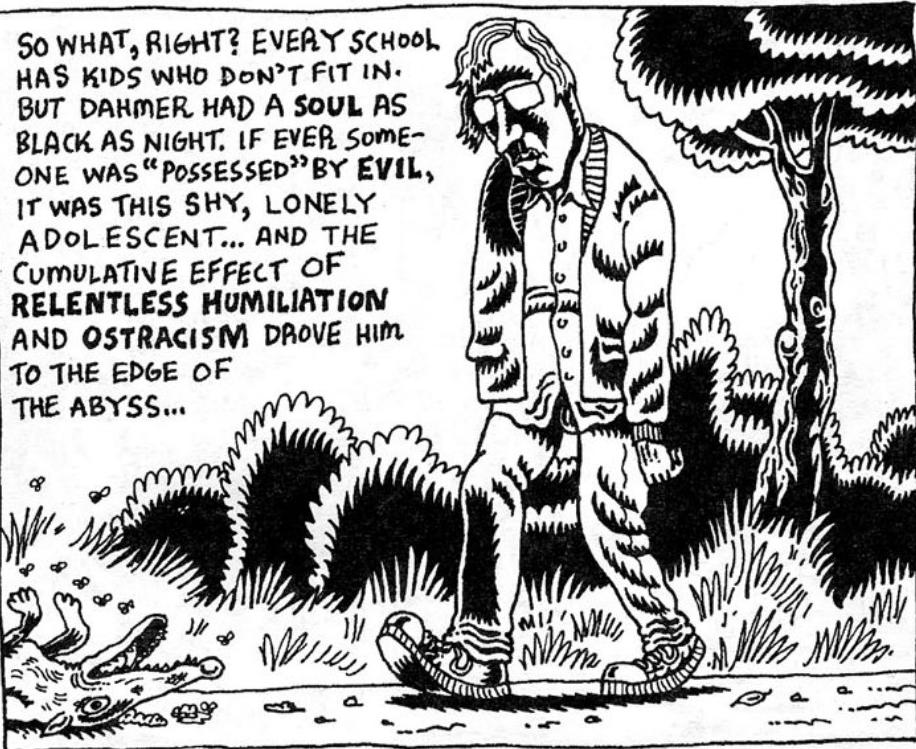
STEPHEN KING COULDN'T HAVE PUT DAHMER IN A STRANGER SETTING...



AS A KID, DAHMER WAS A CONSTANT VICTIM OF TORTURE. A SCRAPPY GEEK WITH BLACK HORN RIMS AND A SLIGHT LISPS, HE WAS EASY PREY FOR THE PLAYGROUND PREDATORS. IN JUNIOR HIGH, IT ONLY GOT WORSE...



SO WHAT, RIGHT? EVERY SCHOOL HAS KIDS WHO DON'T FIT IN. BUT DAHMER HAD A SOUL AS BLACK AS NIGHT. IF EVER SOMEONE WAS "POSSESSED" BY EVIL, IT WAS THIS SHY, LONELY ADOLESCENT... AND THE CUMULATIVE EFFECT OF RELENTLESS HUMILIATION AND OSTRACISM DROVE HIM TO THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS...



THAT'S WHEN HE BEGAN HIS PECULIAR "HOBBY" OF COLLECTING ROAD KILL HE FOUND WHILE WALKING THE QUIET COUNTRY ROADS. HE TOOK THEM HOME, DISSECTED THEM AND DISSOLVED THEM...



MEANWHILE AT SCHOOL, HE LURCHED THROUGH THE HALLS IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR, DRIVING OFF THE FEW LOWER CASTE FRIENDS HE HAD...



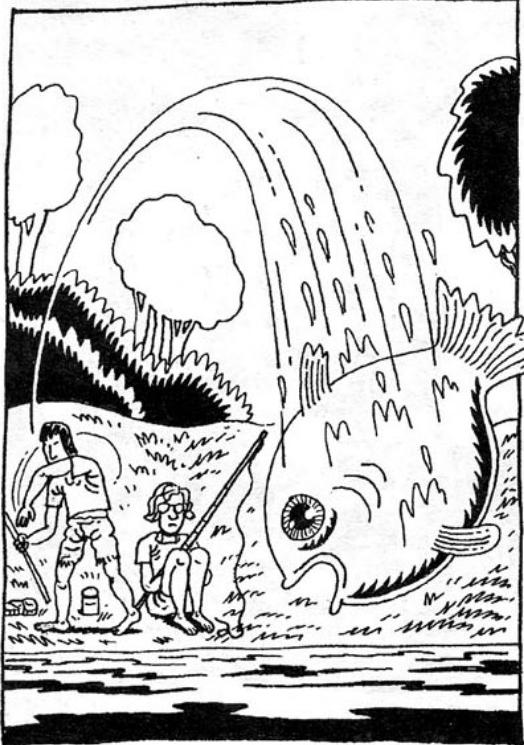
WHICH BRINGS US HERE, TO
THE SUMMER OF 1976—
BETWEEN OUR SOPHOMORE
AND JUNIOR YEARS...



THIS SUMMER WAS THE LAST PERIOD DAHMER WAS ABLE TO FUNCTION AS A NORMAL PERSON. ONCE SCHOOL STARTED HE WOULD ALWAYS BE "IN CHARACTER"... PRETENDING HE WAS SPASTIC. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY HE COULD RELATE TO OTHERS. OR HE WAS DRUNK.

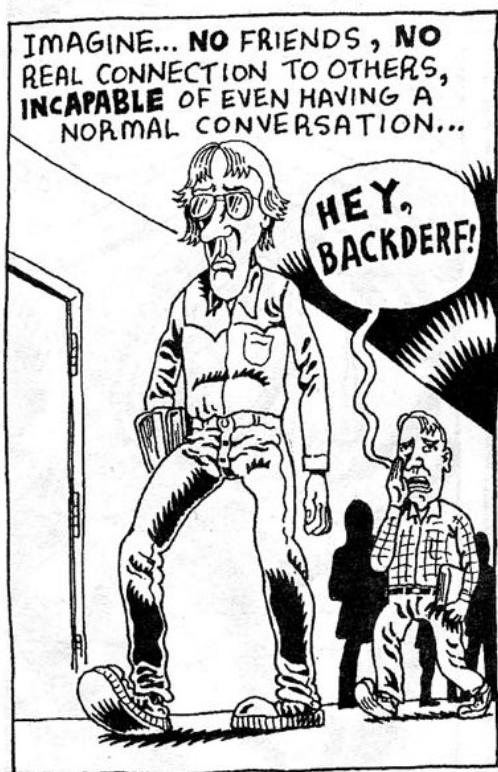
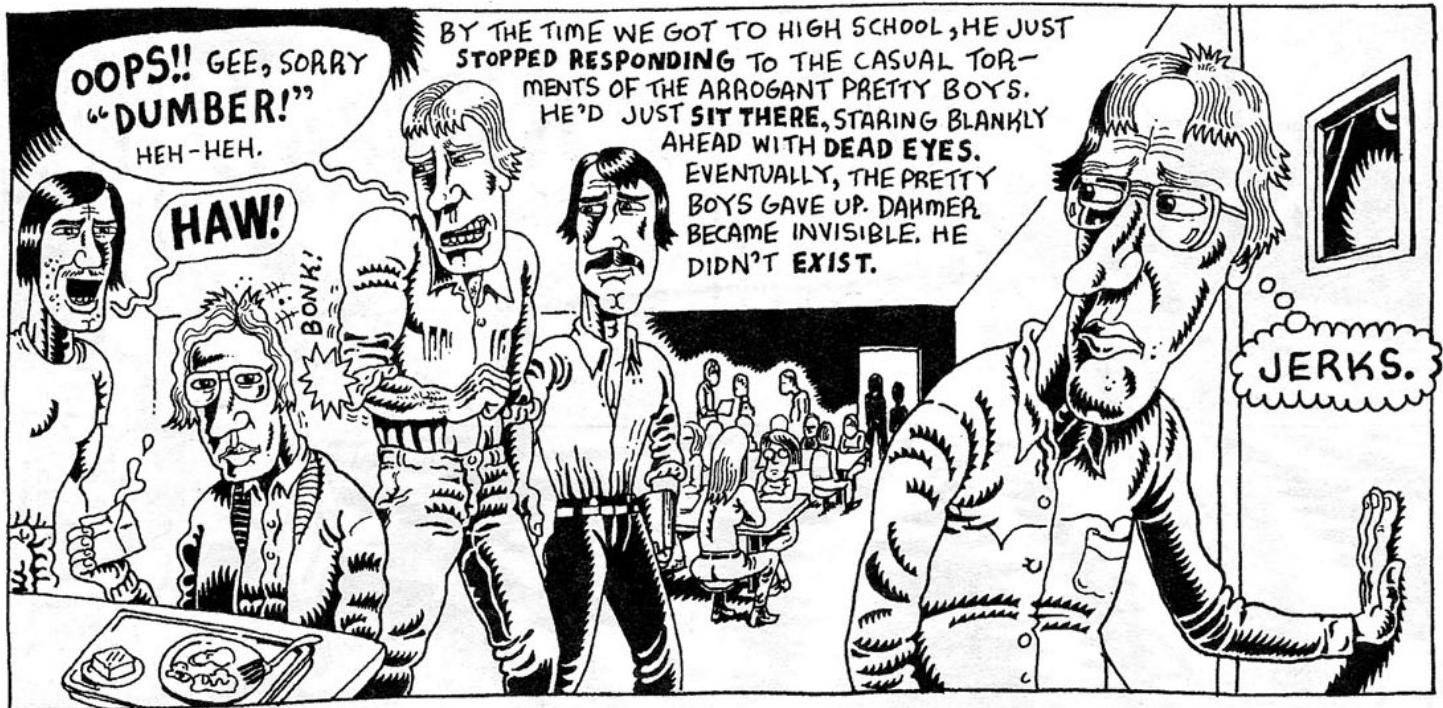
BUT MOSTLY, I THINK WE WERE JUST NAIVE KIDS—TOO WRAPPED UP IN OUR OWN HORMONE-WRACKED LIVES. AND IT'S NOT AS IF DAHMER WAS THE ONLY FUCKED UP KID AT SCHOOL...

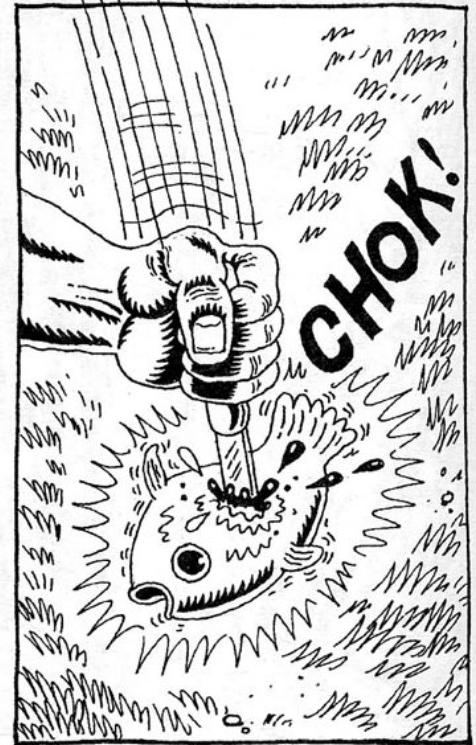
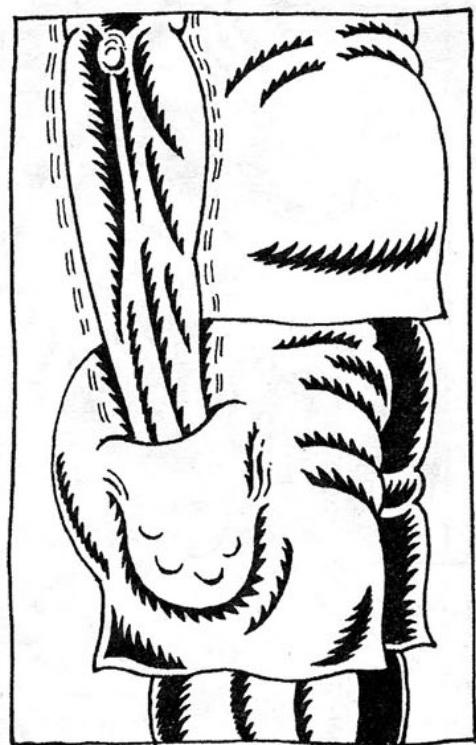
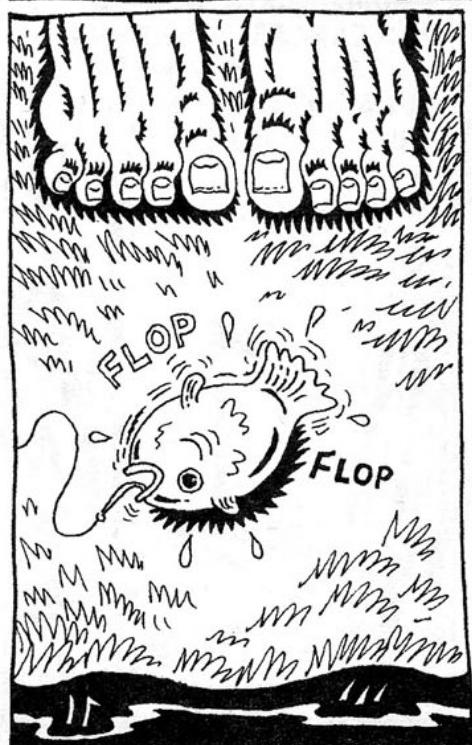
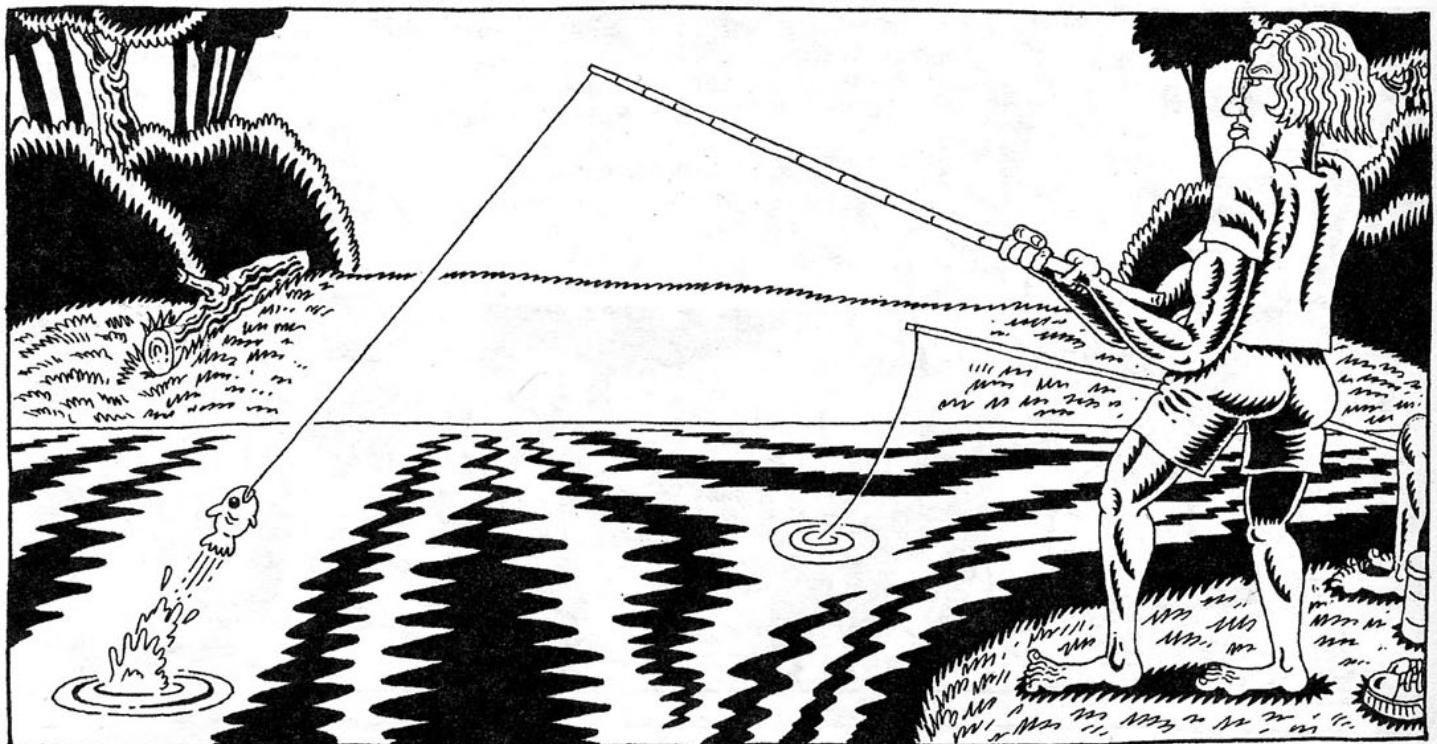
CAN YOU BELIEVE THE CINDY ZLATKA THING?

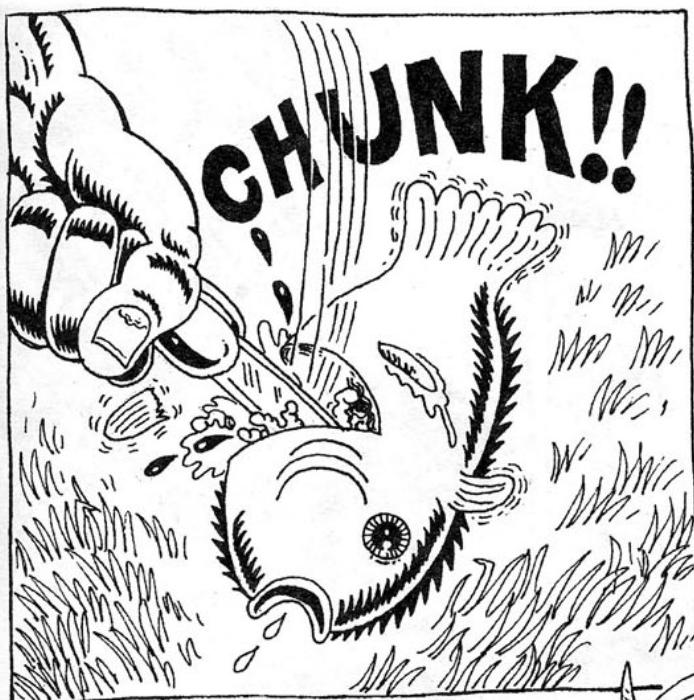


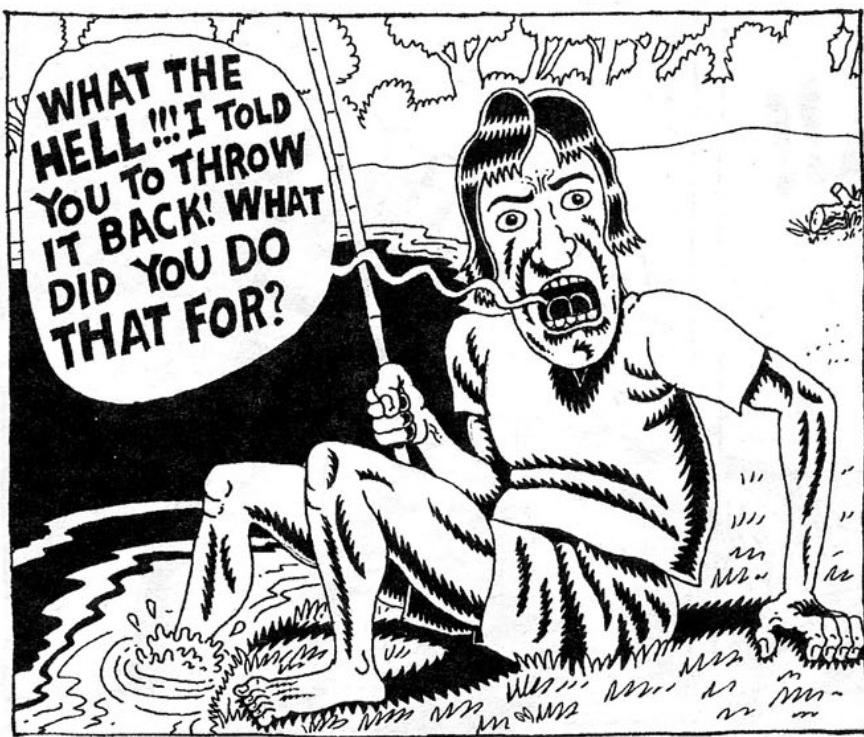
THE QUESTION IS ASKED—IF HIS BEHAVIOR WAS SO BIZARRE... IF HIS DRINKING WAS SO BAD, WHY DIDN'T YOU KIDS GET HIM HELP? WELL... IT WAS THE SEVENTIES. LONG BEFORE "JUST SAY NO" AND ALL THAT SHIT. SUBSTANCE ABUSE—THAT PHRASE DIDN'T EVEN EXIST YET—WAS REGARDED AS FUN NOT AS A PROBLEM OR AN ADDICTION. BESIDES, YOU COULDN'T NARC ON A PAL... IT SIMPLY WASN'T DONE!









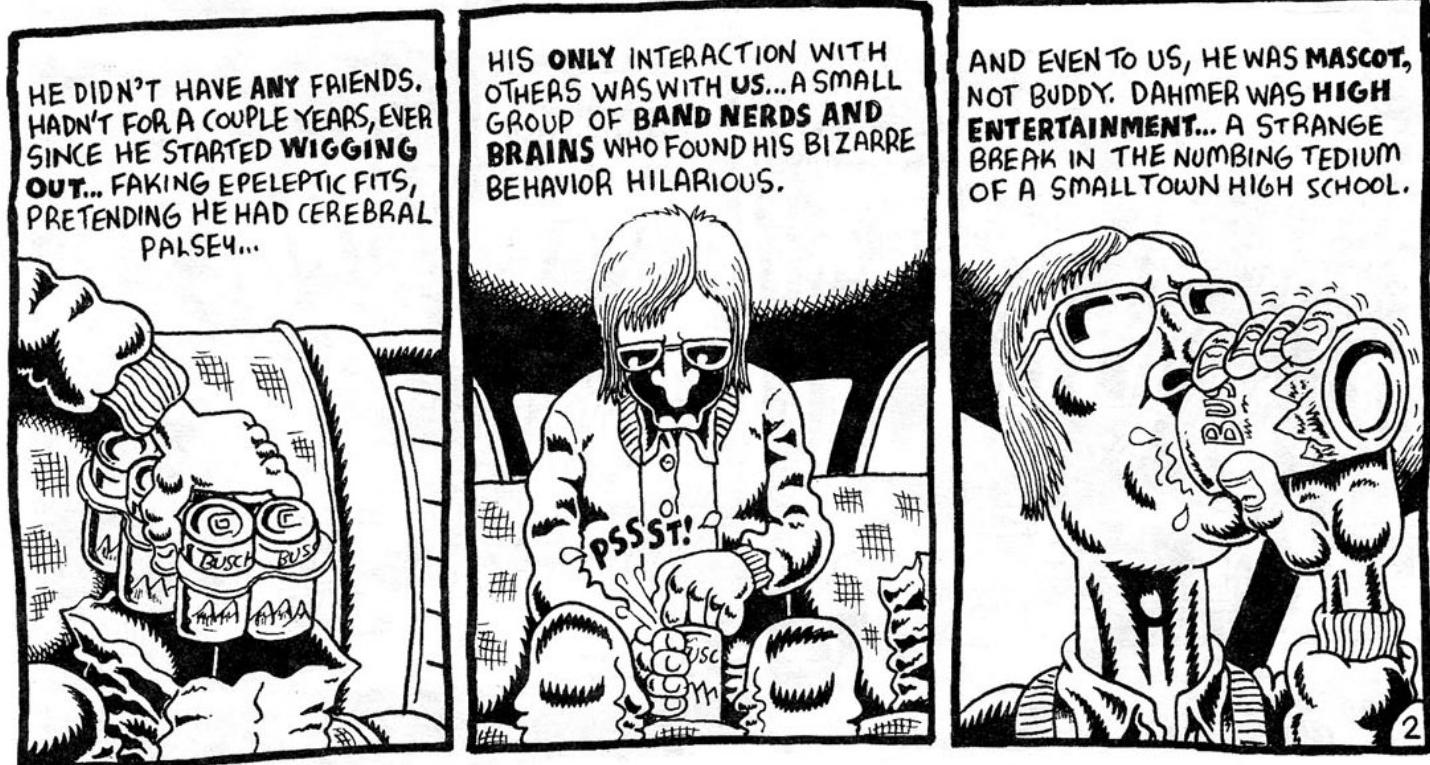


YOUNG/JEFFREY DAHMER, PART 2

Dahmer's Command Performance

MARCH 1978 - COLD AND WET. THICK GREY CLOUDS BLANKETED THE SKY. TYPICAL WEATHER IN OHIO FROM NOVEMBER UNTIL JUNE. WEEKENDS WERE THE MOST NUMBING. BUT NOT THIS SATURDAY. THE SINGLE MOST BIZARRE DAY OF MY LIFE WAS ABOUT TO UNFOLD...





OF COURSE, NONE OF US
KNEW OF HIS HORRID SECRET
LIFE... OF HIS UNHOLY SEXUAL
OBSESSION WITH CORPSES...



WERE ANY OF US EVER
IN DANGER? I DON'T
THINK SO... BUT WHO
REALLY KNOWS?



I'M SURE THE JOGGER WHO
RAN PAST DAHMER'S HOUSE
EVERY DAY NEVER THOUGHT
HE WAS IN PERIL...



LITTLE SUSPECTING THAT
DAHMER WAS WATCHING
HIM FROM THE WOODS...



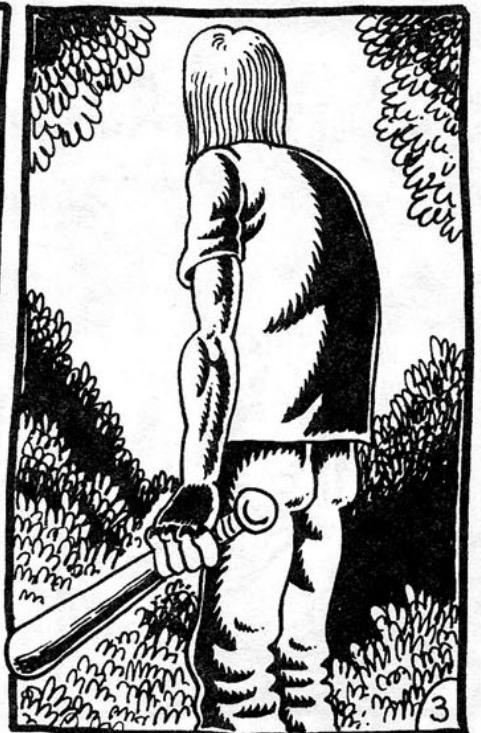
THAT HE WAS FANTASIZING
ABOUT THE JOGGER... ABOUT
LYING NEXT TO HIS
UNCONSCIOUS BODY...



...AND, AFTER WEEKS OF SECRET-
LY OBSERVING HIM, THAT DAHMER,
FOR THE FIRST TIME, DECIDED
TO ACT OUT ONE HIS DREAD-
FUL URGES...



THE NEXT DAY, DAHMER
LAY IN WAIT FOR THE
JOGGER...



...BUT HE DIDN'T RUN BY THAT DAY.
NOT FEELING WELL? TOO BUSY?
WHO KNOWS...

...MAYBE JUST A
WHIM... ONE THAT
PROBABLY SAVED
HIS LIFE...

I'VE HAD A FEW SLEEPLESS
NIGHTS PONDERING
THIS QUESTION...

THE ONLY SOLACE I HAVE IS
THAT DAHMER, LIKE VIRTUALLY
ALL SERIAL KILLERS, ONLY
STALKED STRANGERS, NOT
PEOPLE HE KNEW...

AT LEAST... THAT'S WHAT
I'D LIKE TO
THINK...

BAAAAAA!!

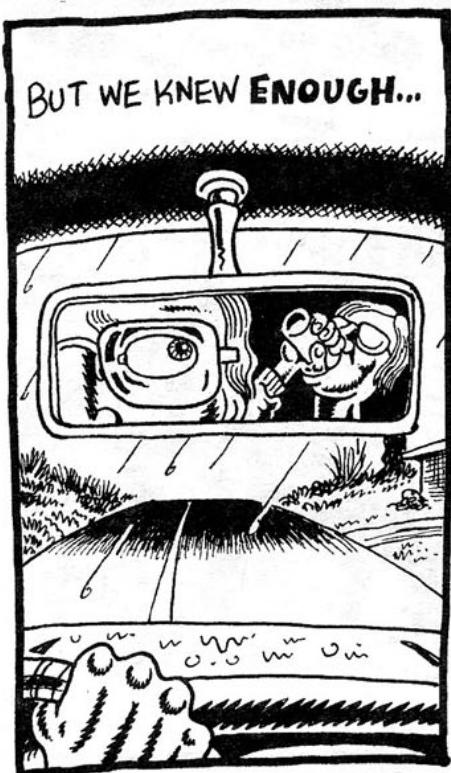
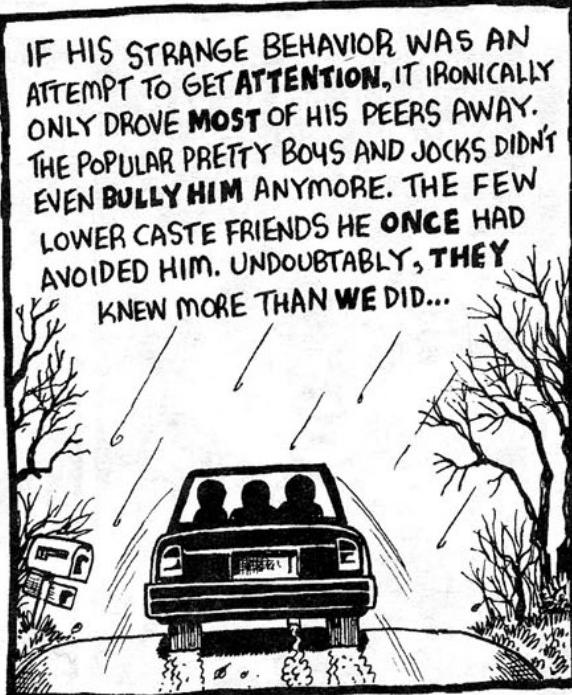
HELLO?
HELLO!!!

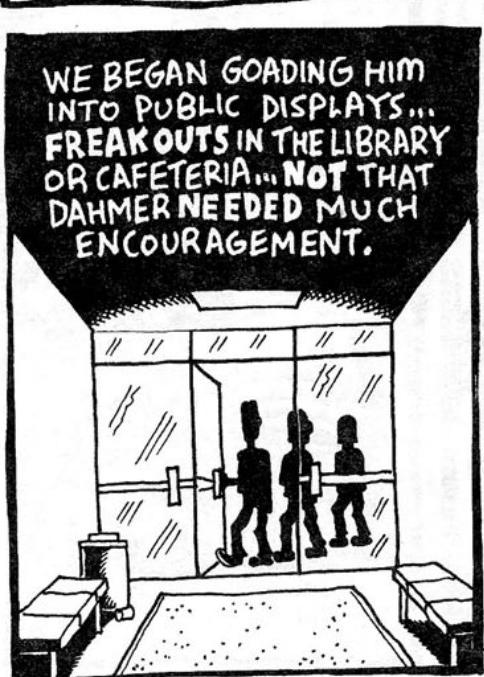
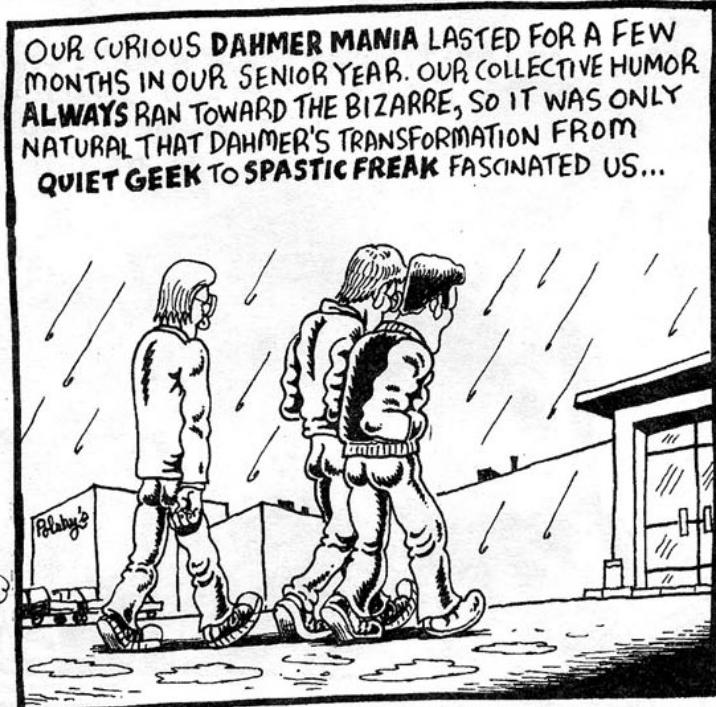
OR MAYBE I WAS JUST ^{TOO}
STUPID TO SENSE THE
DANGER...

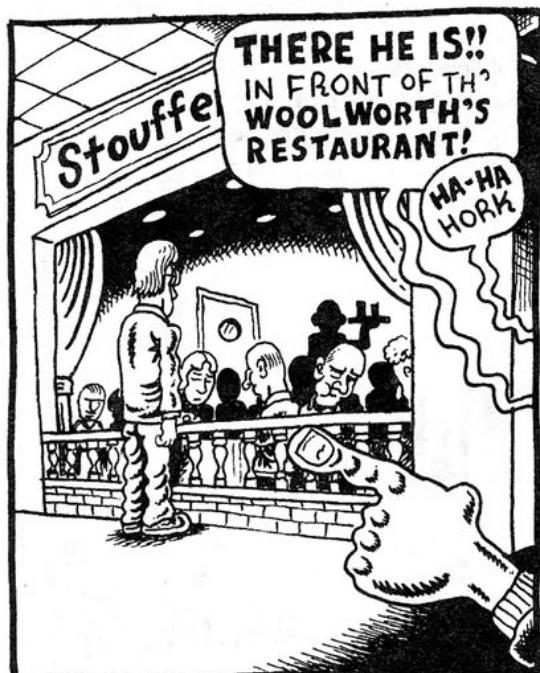
CHORTLE!

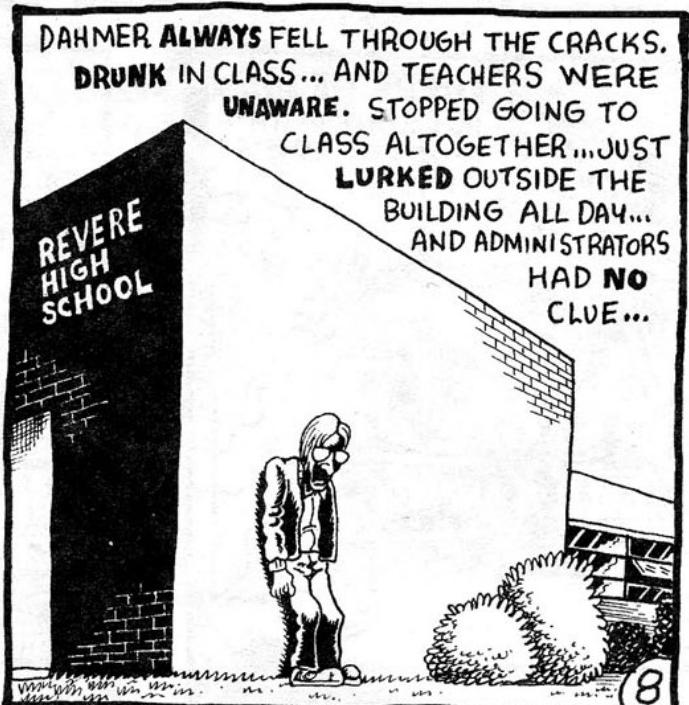
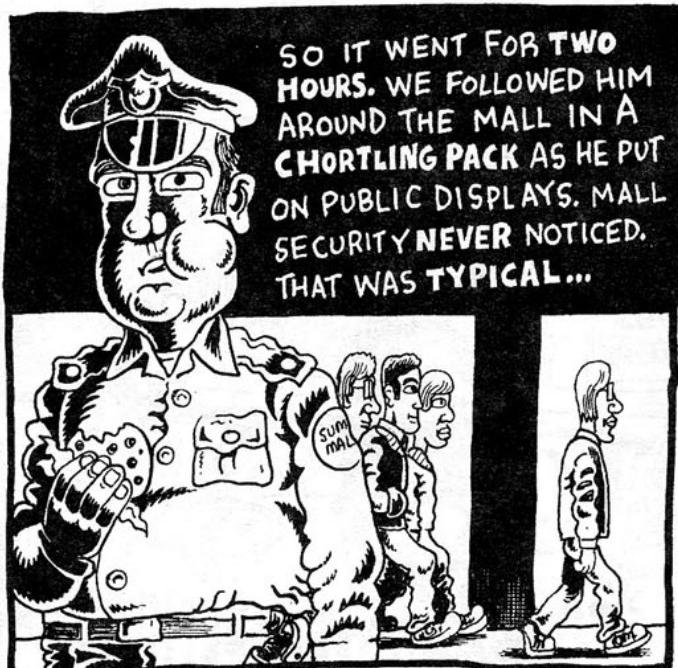
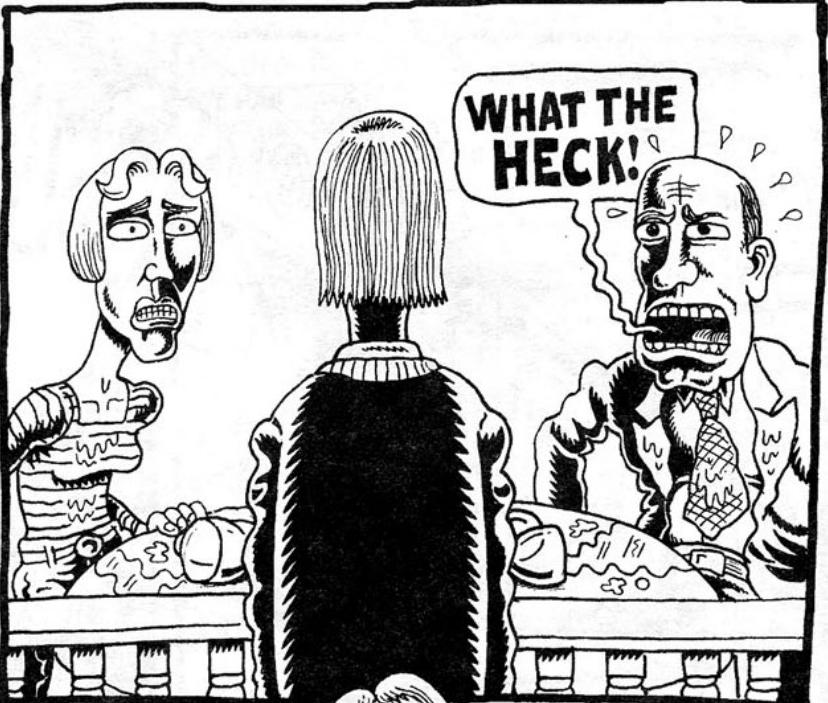
ARE YOU
WITH US?

AT LEAST I WAS ALWAYS WARY OF THE GUY, AS AMUSING AS HIS ANTICS WERE. EVEN A SHELTERED SMALLTOWN CLOD LIKE ME RECOGNIZED THE THICK AIR OF DOOM THAT CLUNG TO DAHMER...

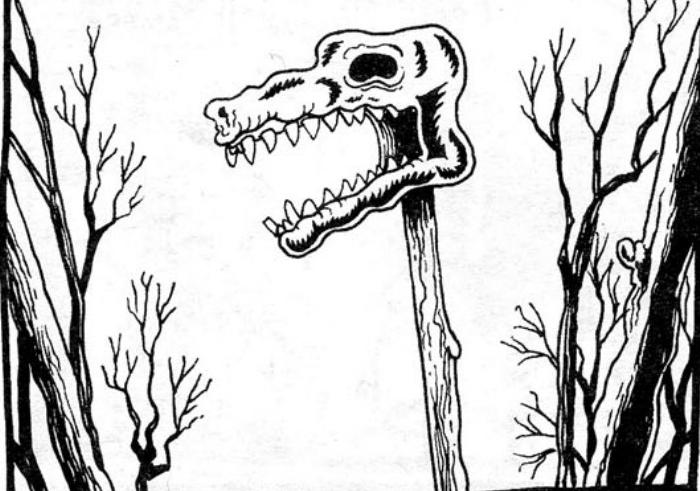




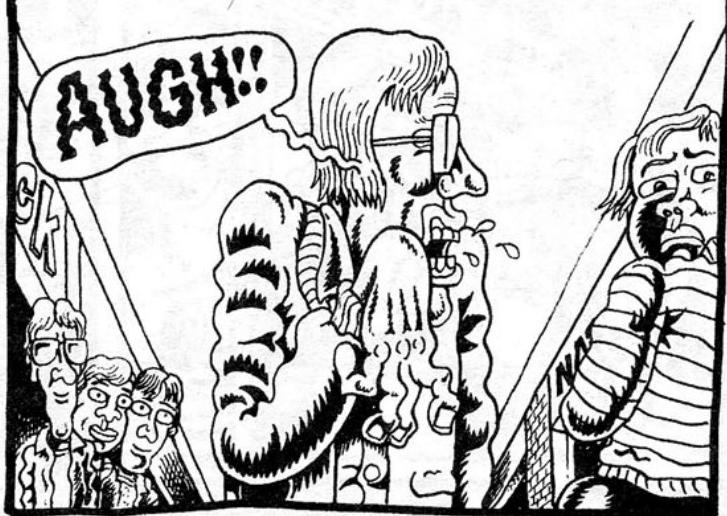




ABANDONED BY HIS PARENTS... AND THE NEIGHBORS DIDN'T KNOW. A DOG'S HEAD ON A STAKE FOUND IN THE NEARBY WOODS... AND THE COPS COULDN'T FIGURE IT OUT...

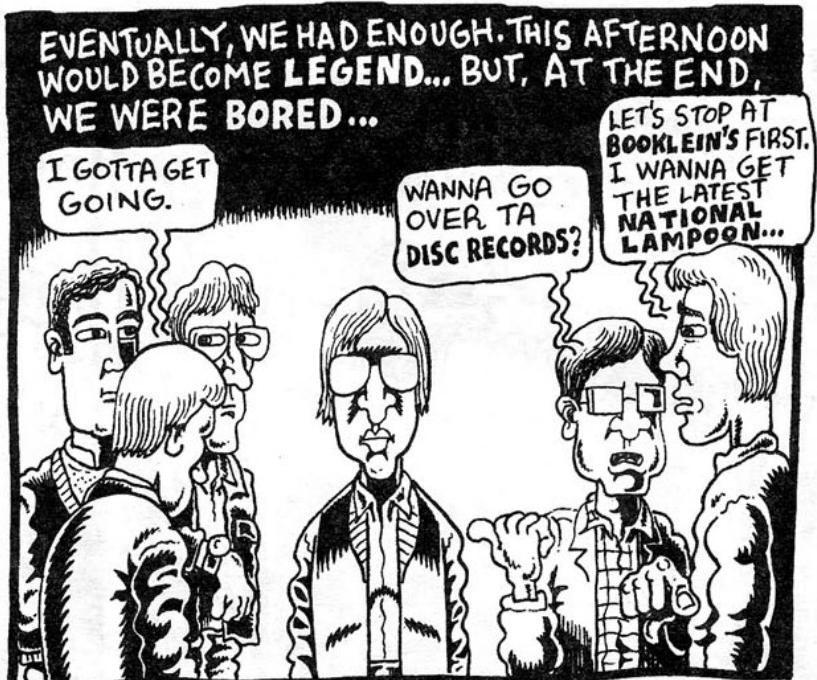


NO WONDER DAHMER THE SERIAL KILLER THOUGHT HE WAS UNCATCHABLE. HE'D BEEN INVISIBLE HIS WHOLE LIFE, ALWAYS CLOAKED IN SHADOWS... EVEN WHEN MAKING A PUBLIC SPECTACLE OF HIMSELF...

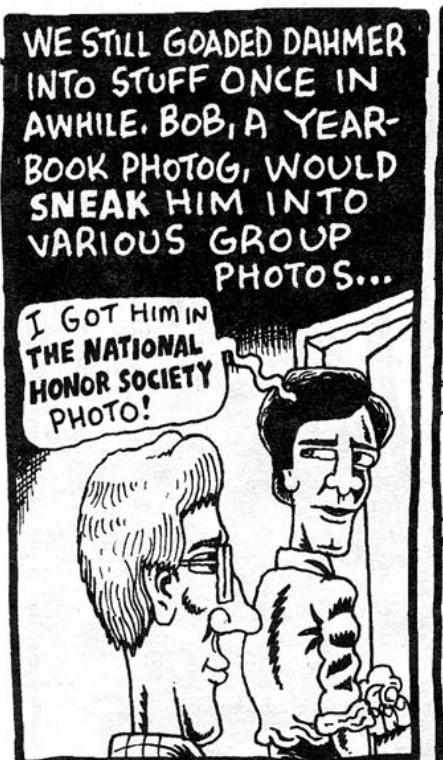
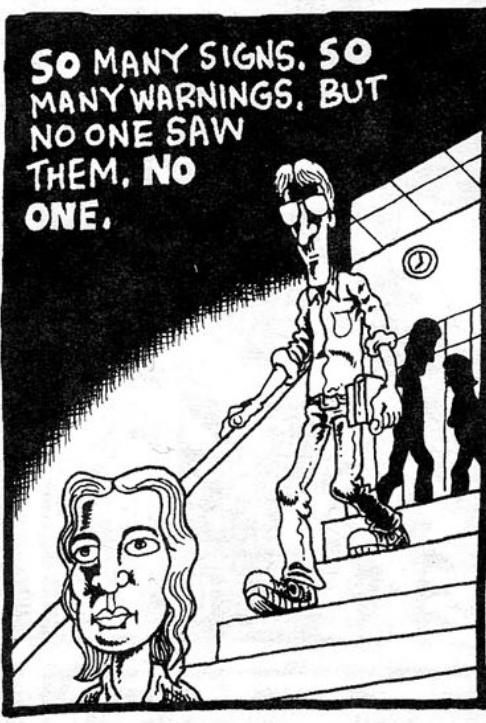
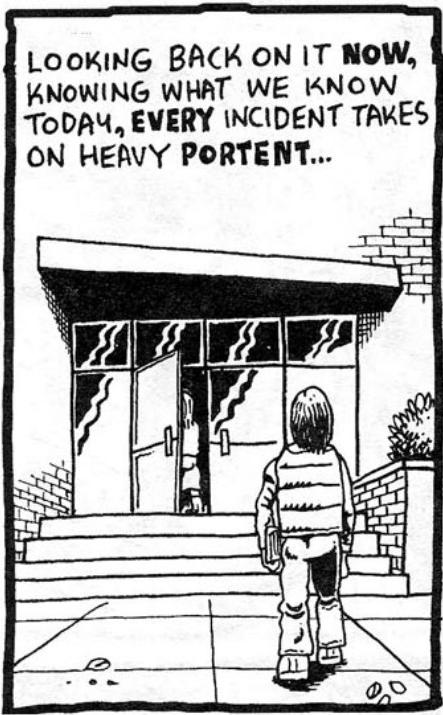


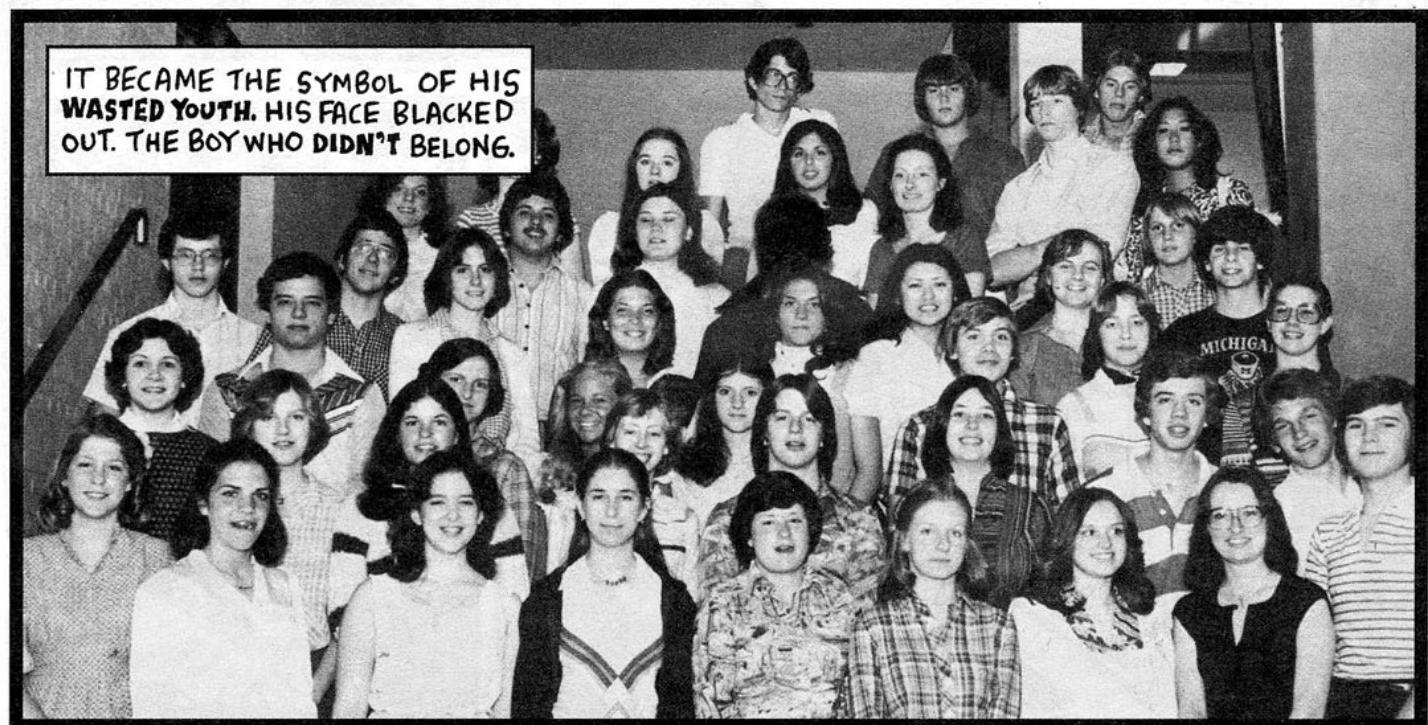
IF HE'D BEEN CAUGHT JUST ONCE DURING THIS TIME... COULD HE HAVE BEEN SAVED?





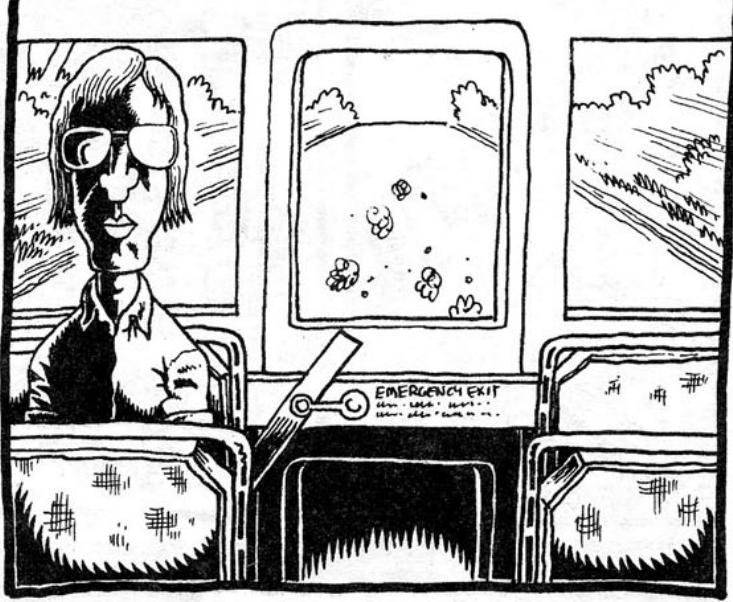






BUT NOT FOR DAHMER...

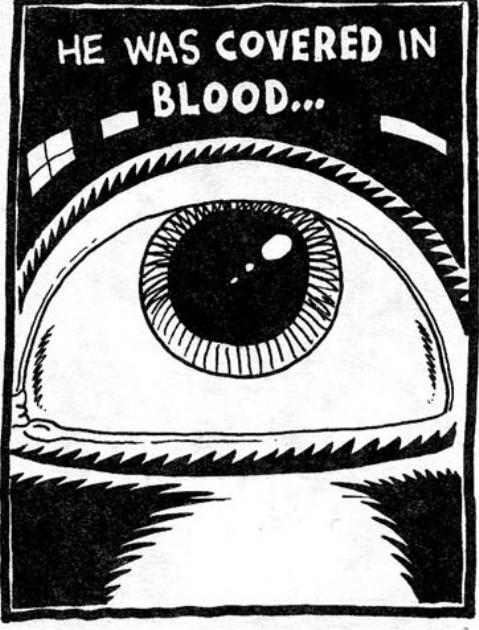
HIS LIFE ESSENTIALLY ENDED THIS DAY...



A FEW WEEKS LATER AND
HE WAS A KILLER... A
MONSTER...



FOR THE
REST OF HIS
WRETCHED
LIFE...



HE WAS COVERED IN
BLOOD...



A DECADE LATER, IN 1988,
I MET A COUPLE HIGH SCHOOL
PALS AT A COFFEE SHOP IN
CLEVELAND...



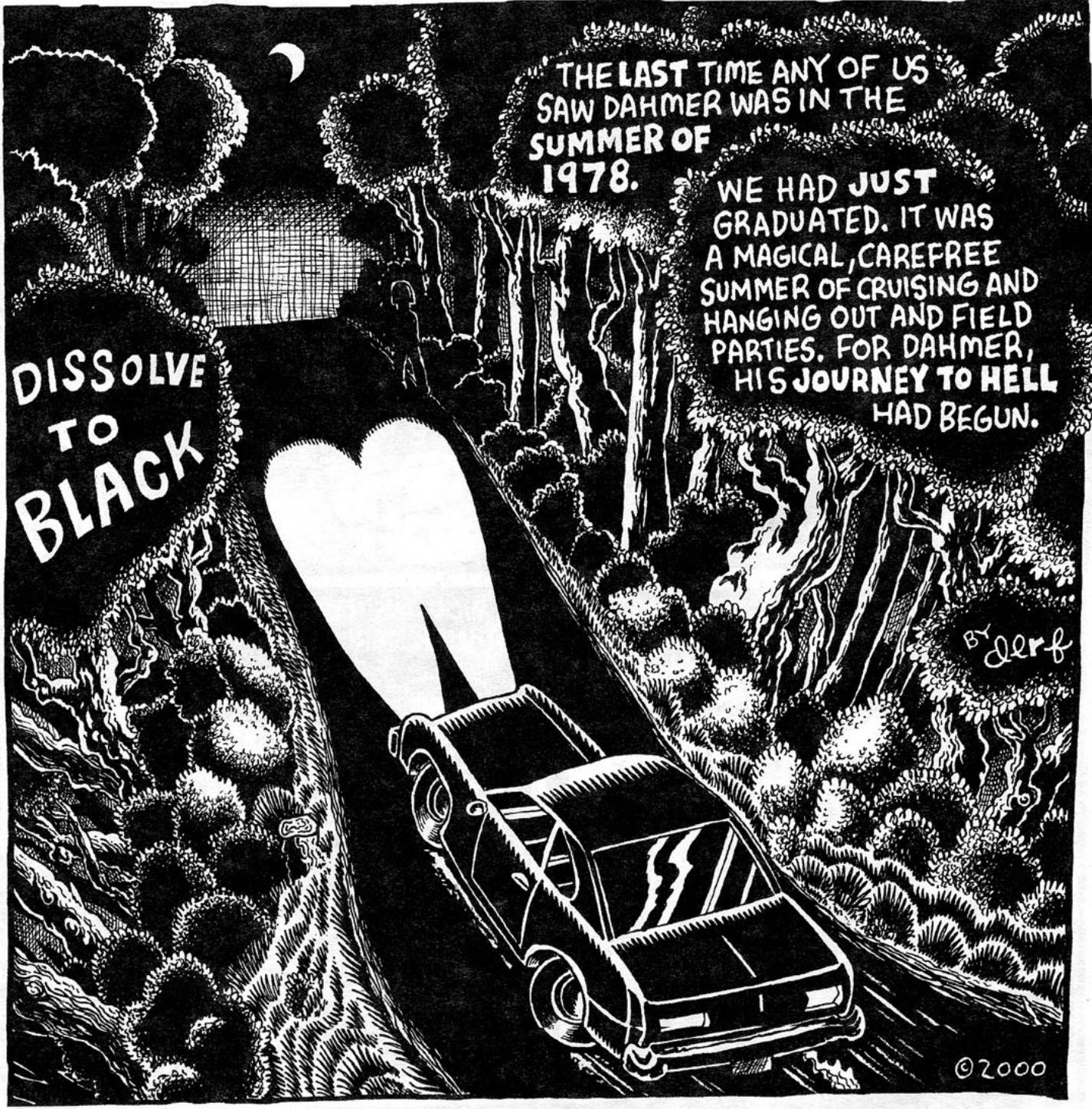
TOTAL PSYCHO. YELLS AT
THE NEIGHBORS. ALWAYS
IN TROUBLE WITH THE COPS.
I CAN'T SAY THIS
SURPRISES ME.

IT WOULD STILL BE SEVERAL YEARS UNTIL
DAHMER'S CRIMES CAME TO LIGHT...

WHAT ABOUT
DAHMER? ANY-
ONE KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THAT GUY?

NAH. HE
VANISHED
AFTER
GRADUATION.





LIVING OUT IN THE BOONIES, WE HAD TO DRIVE EVERYWHERE, PILOTING OUR BATTERED DUSTERS AND VEGAS OVER LONELY COUNTRY ROADS...

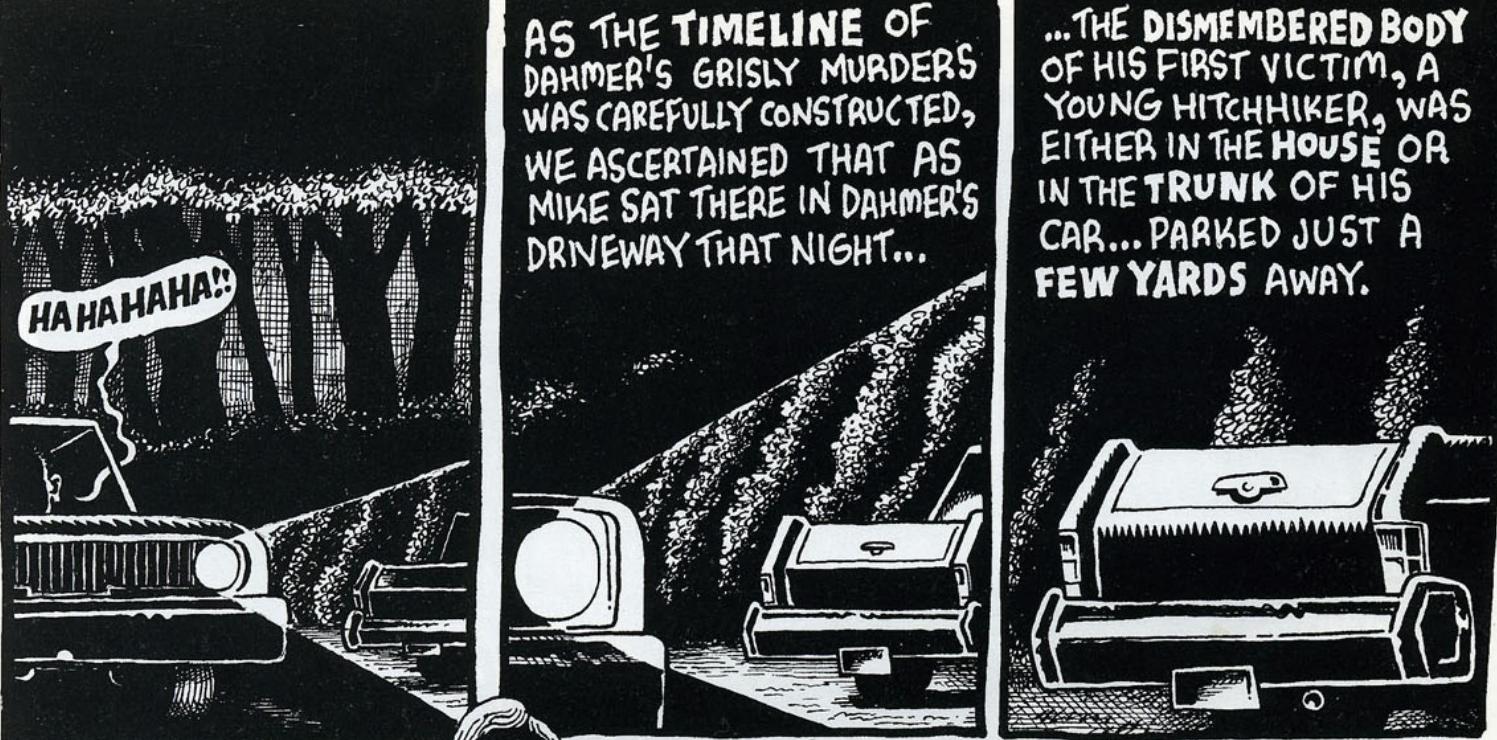


MIKE WAS ON HIS WAY HOME LATE, HAVING JUST DROPPED OFF SOME PALS AFTER A NIGHT OF CRUISING...





* DAHMER'S FREAKY TRADEMARK SCHTICK... IMITATING HIS MOM'S DECORATOR, WHO HAD CEREBRAL PALSY.



AS THE TIMELINE OF DAHMER'S GRISLY MURDERS WAS CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED, WE ASCERTAINED THAT AS MIKE SAT THERE IN DAHMER'S DRIVEWAY THAT NIGHT...

...THE DISMEMBERED BODY OF HIS FIRST VICTIM, A YOUNG HITCHHIKER, WAS EITHER IN THE HOUSE OR IN THE TRUNK OF HIS CAR... PARKED JUST A FEW YARDS AWAY.

